With what elſe needefull your good Grace ſhall thinke,
To be ſent after me.

Du. Let it be ſo:
Good night to euery one, and noble Seignior,
If vertue no delighted beauty lacke,
Your Son in law is farre more faire then blacke.

1 *Sena.* Adieu braue Moore, vſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Looke to her Moore, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiud'd her father, and may thee. *Exeunt.*

Oth. My life vpon her faith. Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leaue to thee,
I prethee let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her after in the beſt aduantage;
Come *Deſdemona*, I haue but an houre
Of loue, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee, we muſt obey the time.

Rod. *Iago.* *Exit Moore and* Deſdemona.

Iag. What ſaiſt thou noble heart?

Rod. What will I doe thinkſt thou?

Iag. Why goe to bed and ſleepe,

Rod. I will incontinently drowne my ſelfe.

Iag. Well, if thou doeſt, I ſhall neuer loue thee after it,
Why thou ſilly Gentleman.

Rod. It is ſillineſſe to liue, when to liue is a torment, and then we haue a preſcription, to dye when death is our Phyſitian.

Iag. O villanous, I ha look'd vpon the world for foure times ſeuen yeares, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betweene a benefit, and an iniury, I neuer found a man that knew how to loue himſelfe: ere I would ſay I would drowne my ſelfe, for the loue of a Ginny Hen, I would change my humanity with a Baboone.

Rod. What ſhould I doe? I confeſſe it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iag. Vertue, a fig, tis in our ſelues, that wee are thus, or thus, our bodies are gardens, to the which our wills are Gardiners, ſo that if we will plant Nettles, or ſow Lettice, ſet Iſop, and weed vp Time; ſupply it with one gender of herbes, or diſtract it with many; either to haue it ſterrill with idleneſſe, or manur'd with induſtry, why the power, and corrigible authority of this, lies in our wills. If the bal-

ballance of our liues had not one ſcale of reaſon, to poiſe another of ſenſuality; the blood and baſeneſſe of our natures, would conduct vs to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But wee haue reaſon to coole our raging motions, our carnall ſtings, our vnbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call loue to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iag It is meerely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will: Come, be a man; drowne thy ſelfe? drowne Cats and blinde Puppies: I profeſſe me thy friend, and I confeſſe me knit to thy deſeruing, with cables of perdurable toughneſſe; I could neuer better ſteede thee then now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe warres, defeate thy fauour with an vſurp'd beard; I ſay put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her loue vnto the Moore,—put money in thy purſe,—nor he his to her; it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration: put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moores are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purſe with money. The food that to him now is as luſhious as Locuſts, ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as Coloquintida: She muſt change for youth; when ſhee is ſated with his body, ſhee will finde the error of her choyce; ſhee muſt haue change, ſhe muſt. Therefore put money in thy purſe: If thou wilt needs damme thy ſelfe, doe it a more delicate way then drowning; make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony, and a fraile vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian*, & a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enioy her; therefore make money,—a pox a drowning, tis cleane out of the way; ſeeke thou rather to be hang'd in compaſsing thy ioy, then to be drowned, and goe without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iag. Thou art ſure of me—goe, make money—I haue told thee often, and I tell thee againe, and againe, I hate the Moore, my cauſe is hearted, thine has no leſſe reaſon, let vs be coniunctiue in our reuenge againſt him: If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doeſt thy ſelfe a pleaſure, me a ſport. There are many euents in the wombe of Time, which will be deliuered. Trauerſe, goe, prouide thy money, we will haue more of this to morrow, adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th morning?

Iag. At my lodging.